

He lispes in's neighing able to entice
 A Millars Mare,
 Hee'l be the death of her.
Doctor. What stufte she utters?
Taylor. Make curtise, here your love comes.
Woer. Pretty soule
 How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtise.
Daugh. Yours to command ith way of honestie;
 How far is't now to th end o'th world iny Masters?
Doctor. Why a daies Iorney wench.
Daugh. Will you goe with me?
Woer. What shall we doe there wench?
Daugh. Why play at stoole ball,
 What is there else to doe?
Woer. I am content
 If we shall keepe our wedding there:
Daugh. Tis true
 For there I will assure you, we shall finde
 Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture
 To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish;
 Besides my father must be hang'd to morrow
 And that would be a blot i'th businesse
 Are not you *Palamon*?
Woer. Doe not you know me?
Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
 But this pore petticoate, and too coise Smockes.
Woer. That's all one, I will have you.
Daugh. Will you surely?
Woer. Yes by this faire hand will I.
Daugh. Wee'l to bed then.
Woer. Ev'n when you will.
Daugh. O Sir, you would faine be nibling.
Woer. Why doe you rub my kisse off?
Daugh. Tis a sweet one,
 And will perfume me finely against the wedding.
 Is not this your Cosen *Arcite*?
Doctor. Yes sweet heart,
 And I am glad my Cosen *Palamon*

Has

Has made so faire a choice.
Daugh. Doe you thinke hee'l have me?
Doctor. Yes without doubt.
Daugh. Doe you thinke so too?
Taylor. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children: Lord, how y'ar
 My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely
 Now he's at liberty: Alas poore Chicken
 He was kept downe with hard meate, and ill lodging
 But ile kisse him up againe.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. What doe you here, you'l loose the noblest fight
 That ev'r was scene.
Taylor. Are they i'th Field?
Mess. They are
 You beare a charge there too.
Taylor. Ile away straight
 I must ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay wee'l goe with you,
 I will not loose the Fight.
Taylor. How did you like her?
Doctor. Ile warrant you within these 3. or 4 daies
 Ile make her right againe. You must not from her
 But still preserve her in this way.
Woer. I will.
Doc. Lets get her in.
Woer. Come sweete wee'l goe to dinner
 And then wee'll play at Cardes.
Daugh. And shall we kisse too?
Woer. A hundred times
Daugh. And twenty.
Woer. I and twenty.
Daugh. And then wee'l sleepe together.
Doc. Take her offer.
Woer. Yes marry will we.
Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.
Woer. I will not sweete.
Daugh. If you doe (Love) ile cry. *Floris Exeunt.*
 SCENA.